

The Camden Journal.

VOL. XXIII—NO. 6.

CAMDEN, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1864.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1—NO. 25.

By R. D. HOCOTT.

TERMS.

12 Months, \$5 00
6 " 3 00
3 " 2 00

Rates for Advertising:

For one Square—twelve lines or less—TWO DOLLARS for the first insertion, and ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent. QUARTER NOTICES, exceeding one square, charged at advertising rates. Transient Advertisements and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE. No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

POET'S CORNER.

STUART.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

We could not pause, while yet the noontide air
Shook with the cannonade's incessant pealing.
The funeral pageant bly to prepare
A nation's grief revealing.

The smoke, above the shimmering woodland wide
That skirts our southward border with its beauty,
Marked where our heroes stood and fought and died
For love and faith and duty.

And still what time the doubtful strife went on,
We might not find expression for our sorrow,
We could but lay our dear, dumb warrior down,
And gird us for the morrow.

One weary year ago, when came a hull,
With victory, in the conflict's stormy close,
When the glad Spring, all flushed and beautiful,
First mocked us with her roves—

With dirge and pall and minute gun we said
Some few poor rites, an inexpensive token
Of a great people's pain, to Jackson's shade,
In agony unspoken.

No wailing trumpet and no tolling bell,
No cannon, save the battle's boom receding,
When Stuart to the grave we bore might tell,
With hearts all crushed and bleeding.

The crisis suited not with pomp and show,
Where angels bear the soul of consecration,
Had wished his Christian obsequies should be
This road of consolation.

Only the maidens' tawny sweet flowers to twine
Above his form so still and cold and painless,
Whose deeds upon our brightest record shine,
Whose life and sword were stainless.

They well remembered how he loved to dash
Into the fight, fastwooded from summer bowers,
How like a fountain's spray his sabre's flash
Leaped from a mass of flowers.

And so we carried to his place of rest
All that of our great Paladin was mortal,
The cross, and not the sabre, on his breast,
That opens the heavenly portal.

No more of tribute might to us remain—
But there will come a time when Freedom's martyrs
A richer guerdon of renown shall gain
Than gleams in stars and garters.

I claim no prophet's vision, but I see
Through coming years, now near at hand, now
distant,
My rescued country, glorious and free,
And strong and self-existent.

I hear from out that sunlit land which lies
Beyond these clouds that gather darkly o'er us,
The happy sounds of industry arise
In swelling, peaceful chorus.

And, mingling with these sounds, the glad acclaim
Of millions, undisturbed by war's afflictions,
Crowning each martyr's never-dying name
With grateful benedictions.

In some fair future garden of delights,
Where flow'rs shall bloom and song-birds sweetly
warble,
Art shall erect the statues of our knights
In living bronze and marble.

And none of all that bright, heroic throng,
Shall wear to far off time a semblance grander,
Shall still be decked with fresher wreaths of song
Than this beloved commander.

The Spanish legend tell us of the Cid
That after death he rode erect, sedately
Along his lines, even as in life he did,
In presence yet more stately:

And thus our Stuart, at this moment, seems
To ride out of our dark and troubled story
Into the region of romance and dreams,
A realm of light and glory—

And sometimes when the silver bugles blow,
That radiant form, in battle re-appearing,
Shall lead his horsemen headlong on the foe,
In victory careering!

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONSCRIPTION BEFORE THE FLOOD, WITH INCIDENTAL REFERENCE TO EATING AND DRINKING.

Methuselah lived to what would now be considered a good old age. Few people in these

latter days can reasonably hope to attain their nine hundred and sixty-ninth year, though at the rate some have grown old under the operation of the conscription law, it has been slyly hinted that they will soon approximate the antediluvian standard.

But that is not the thing which we had in our mind when we wrote the caption of this brief article. The fact is, that something suggested to us yesterday the idea of a militia muster in those early days when people counted the stages of their lives by centuries. We seemed to see some of the contemporaries of Tubal Cain, or some colonel or enrolling officer of the Land of Nod, calling upon the able-bodied men, between one hundred and eighty and four hundred and fifty, to be and appear, armed and equipped, as the law directs, at the usual muster ground near Tubal Cain's blacksmith shop. And then we could fancy the subsequent call for the reserves, inciting all the youths, between one hundred and fifty, one hundred and eighty, and all the men, between four hundred and fifty and five hundred. If they had substitutes over the conscription age, they probably came from the class between five and six hundred— hale, hearty men, a little over their prime, but still equal to good military service.

And the antediluvians were a pretty hard set—that much is evident—and it follows that although they may not have had Colt's revolvers or minnie muskets or rifled cannon, they were not without means for doing each other harm, nor wanting in the disposition to use them. They also got drunk at militia gatherings, no doubt, for about the first thing Noah did after the flood subsided was to plant a vineyard, make wine and get overcome. He had learned that before he had seen so much water, and his long swim around in the ark does not seem to have made him a convert to the Maine liquor law.

We can fancy the light-headed boys from one hundred upwards, and sympathize with the fears of their discreet parents when they found these innocent and unsuspecting juveniles exposed to the temptations of the camp, and acquiring a taste for cider-royal and other potent beverages dealt out by the sutlers, for of course they had sutlers; and of course the sutlers had something to sell that would make drunk come, although distilled spirits for that purpose is a modern invention. That opens up a new field of reflection. Just to think of our superiority over the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, antediluvians and other ancient peoples. Solomon in all his glory never had a mint julep. The grandest feasts of the Roman Emperors could not boast a Turkey—the most meditative philosopher never soothed himself with tobacco. Fancy Plato walking through the groves of the Academy with a pipe in his mouth. Imagine Achilles, who was no philosopher, getting "high" on Puryear's best, while Theraites stole his cock tail, and railed at it for not being stronger. How that jolly "wandering minstrel," Homer, would have relished a good Irish whiskey punch after a day's wandering during a spell of that inclement weather from which "the Isles of Greece" are not exempt.

By the way, during the prevalence of this warm weather, such things must give place to thinner potations. We would therefore, suggest the following as not hard to swallow:

Take a sufficient quantity of ice—if you can get it; put it in the bottom of a glass—the largest size of glass is preferable; fill the glass about three-fourths full of champagne (if you can get it), then let the balance be claret (if you can get it)—then—why then, try it, that's all. There are worse things, and the only serious objection consists in the difficulty of obtaining the materials.

But we have nearly consumed what the parliamentarians call "the morning hour," and have no more time for wandering.

Wilmington Journal.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

The roar of artillery is still ringing in our ears as we sit down to record the most tremendous slaughter that has ever taken place on this continent—a slaughter as far exceeding that of Thursday, the 12th, as the slaughter of Thursday, the 12th, surpassed every other field of carnage.

The battle commenced yesterday morning for the possession of the Grape Vine, or, as it is sometimes called, McClellan's Bridge, over the Chickahominy. It is the same by which McClellan withdrew his troops when they were defeated in the double battle of Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill. Had Grant succeeded in obtaining possession of this bridge, he might have passed the Chickahominy and established himself in McClellan's old fastnesses on this side. It was the object of General Lee to prevent him, and he accordingly took possession of and fortified the position formerly held by McClellan. The ground on which the battle was fought was the same with that on which the battle of '62 was fought. But the positions were reversed, we holding McClellan's and Grant holding Lee's. According to the accounts of prisoners Grant on the night of Thursday caused a quart of whiskey to be distributed to each of the soldiers, and about four o'clock yesterday morning, having primed them well for the work, commenced an assault upon our works. Repulsed again and again, with unprecedented slaughter, he constantly renewed the attack with fresh troops, sending his men up in columns ten deep, and, in great part, so drunk that they knew not what they were about, and pressed on with the most reckless audacity. Nothing could exceed the coolness with which they were received by our troops, who standing behind their breastworks and suffering but little, shot them down by thousands.

At 1 o'clock the action ceased along the whole line, our troops having repulsed the enemy, who left several thousand behind him, dead or wounded, on the field, and declared that the slaughter far exceeded that of the 12th of May. Many of the Yankees were so drunk that they tumbled over our breastworks, and were either killed or made prisoners; others after firing their guns could not reload them. In a word, the drama of the 12th of May was repeated to the letter. Our lines were considerably advanced in consequence of our success yesterday. Doubtless the enemy will seek to drive us back, and another general battle may ensue. We have not heard how many prisoners and guns were taken. In a battle of this sort, where it is the object of one party to defend breastworks, and of the other to capture them, many prisoners are not usually taken. We saw about a thousand, however, pass down the street yesterday.

The most marvellous thing about this battle is the small loss of our army. At 12 o'clock, we learn from undoubted authority, Longstreet's corps had not lost a hundred men in killed and wounded. A few hundreds will cover our whole loss. Since New Orleans, when Gen. Jackson said, "scarce a sprig of cypress was mingled with the wreaths of laurel," there has been nothing like this. When the Yankees occupied those same lines from which we have just repulsed them with such terrible slaughter, we drove them from them. At that time they were much stronger than they are now. This fact alone would be sufficient to show which are the best troops. Devoutly thankful should the whole Confederate States be to that Providence which has watched over us in this great crisis, and under Him to that brave army, and that great General, who have turned our day of trial into one of joy. Especially ought we to hold the latter dear, for the skill which has continued to accomplish such a mighty enterprise with so little loss.

Richmond Dispatch.

Mrs Stephen A. Douglas is Vice President of the Ladies' National League at Washington whose purpose is to consume no foreign fabrics during the war.

EDUCATION.—An education is a young man's capital; for a well-informed, intelligent mind has the best assurance of future competency and happiness. A father's best gift to a child then, is a good education. If you leave them wealthy, you may assure their ruin; and at best you only leave them that which at any moment may be lost. If you leave them with a cultivated heart, affections trained to objects of love and excellence, a mind vigorous and enlarged, finding happiness pure and elevated in the pursuit of knowledge, you effect an insurance on their future happiness and usefulness. Unless you bring up the young mind in this way, you cannot with any justice claim for its possessor independence. Your children must be virtuous or they will not desire it. They must be intelligent to have intelligent associates, as they must have habits of industry and sobriety to make the company of the industrious and sober agreeable. It is in your power to bestow this virtue, this intelligence, and these golden habits. Present them a good model in your own life, and give them every opportunity to cultivate the heart and understanding. Spare not expense on your school, and put into your children's hands everything that may encourage or assist them in their mental or moral improvement.

ABUSES OF AUTHORITY.—South Carolina submits, at the present juncture, to abuses of authority, while the usurpations of the Government, are, in some cases, not only very unwise, but very war-torn. When authority falls into the hands of incompetent persons, it prompts to arrogant assertions of power, irrespective of every suggestion of reason and propriety. To this, in large degree, we may ascribe the useless and unnecessary usurpations of the public means of transportation; the seizure of the railroads; the suspension of their night travel; the exclusion of passengers; and the miserable monkey play of the passport system. We need not repeat what we have heretofore said, of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the direct taxation, without apportionment, and other violations of the Constitution, which are of the most barefaced character, and seemingly without excuse. South Carolina is not unmindful of these things—not insensible to what is due to her citizens; and we trust that her Legislature, to be elected in a few months, will be of a character to assert the Constitution of State and Confederacy alike.—*Mercury.*

The following is a correct list of United States Naval Officers, with their rank, position and how assigned to duty, in rotation, as they appear in the *U. S. Naval Register*, for the year 1864, as belonging to South Carolina:

- Rear Admiral William B. Shubrick, (retired list) Chairman Lighthouse Board.
Commodore John S. Mearns, (active list) Ordinance duty, Boston Navy Yard.
Commodore C. K. Stribling, (retired list) Commandant Navy Yard, Philadelphia.
Captain Percival Drayton, (active list) Fleet Captain, Wester Blockading Gulf Squadron.
Captain Charles Stedman, (active list) Commanding steam sloop-of-war Zieckenderoga.
Captain Edward Middleton, (active list) Commanding sloop-of-war St. Mary's.
Commander Henry Rolando, (active list) Commanding steam sloop-of-war Seminole.
Commander J. P. Bankhead, (active list) special duty, New York.
Lieutenant Commanding Francis H. Baker (active list) Commanding gunboat Huron.

A HERO.—During the fight at Spotsylvania, Private A. J. Samson, of the 1st Regiment, a resident of Columbia, saved the colors of the 12th Regiment, after the bearer was shot; and when the battle was over, delivered them to their rightful owners. It is a singular incident, that the same gallant soldier, at the battle of Chancellorsville, saved the colors of the 11th Regiment, and received a badge of honor from the regiment for his gallantry.